Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If

If you will walke off a little
Ile pricke your guts a little i
And there's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and
The graue doth gape, and gr
Therefore exall.

Bar. Heare me, he that str
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldi

Pist. An oath of mickle mi

Nim. Ile cut your throat at
In faire termes: and there's t

Pist. Couple gorge is the
A damned hound, thinkst th
No, to the powdering tub o
Fetch foorth the lazar kite o
Doll Tear-sheete, she by nar
I haue, and I will hold, the q
For the onely she and Paco,

Enter th

Boy. Hostes, you must com
And you host *Pistoll*.
Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose
And do the office of a warni

Host. By my troth hee'l yee
these dayes.
Ile go to him, husband you'

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be frien
Nim, prethee be friends, and
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I shal haue my eight shi

Pist. Base is the slaue that p

Ni. That now I will haue,

Pist. As manhood shall com

Bar. He that strikes the firs
Ile kill him by this sword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and o

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